

the SCREE

Mountaineering Club of Alaska

August 2012

Volume 55 Number 8



"Do just once what others say you can't do, and you will never pay attention to their limitations again."

--Capt. James Cook

Monthly Meeting:

Wednesday, August 15, at 6:30 p.m.

Program:

Local legend, Dick Griffith, pioneer of river rafting the Grand Canyon and father of packrafting, will tell stories of his adventures and sign copies of his biography.

Contents:

Santa Ana – Steamship or Summit?

A Crackin' Good Time on Mount Mary

The Seventh Sense – Second Edition

Peak of the Month: Gurney Peak



The Mountaineering Club of Alaska

www.mtnclubak.org

"To maintain, promote and perpetuate the association of persons who are interested in promoting, sponsoring, improving, stimulating and contributing to the exercise of skill and safety in the Art and Science of Mountaineering"

Join us for our club meetings the third Wednesday of the month at the BP Energy Center, 900 East Benson Boulevard, Anchorage, Alaska
www.akpeac.org/conference/BPEC_map_06-04-03.pdf

August Program

August 15 (6:30 p.m.): Local legend, Dick Griffith, who has trekked more than 6,000 miles across Alaska and the Canadian Arctic, participated 17 times in the Alaska Mountain Wilderness Classic (even at the age of 81), pioneer of river rafting the Grand Canyon and father of packrafting, will tell stories of his adventures and be available to sign a copy of his biography, *Canyons and Ice: The Wilderness Travels of Dick Griffith*, written by Kaylene Johnson.

Cover Photo: Tom Swann, Harold Faust, and Dano Michaud on the summit of Santa Ana. Photo by Dano Michaud.

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Article Submission

Text and photography submissions for the *Scree* can be sent as attachments to mcascree@gmail.com. Articles should be submitted by the 25th of the month to appear in the following month's *Scree*. Do not submit material in the body of the email. We prefer articles that are under 1,000 words. If you have a blog, website, video or photo links, send us the link. Cover photo selections are based on portraits of human endeavor in the outdoors. Please submit captions with photos.

Hiking and Climbing Schedule

August 6th to August 11th, 2012:
Lake Clark National Park/Twin Lakes. Setup base camp at upper Twin Lake and go on day hikes exploring the area. We'll also visit Richard Proenneke's cabin, author of One Man's Wilderness and film "Alone in the Wilderness." To sign up contact Don Hansen at donjoehansen@msn.com or phone 243-7184.

Don't forget to check the Meetup site and the Facebook page for last minute trips and activities. Or, schedule one that you want to organize.

Geographic Names

At its June 14 meeting, the Domestic Names Committee of the USGS Board on Geographic Names approved the name "Mount Chosin Few" for

an 8084-foot peak in the Schwan Glacier and Rude River drainages of the Chugach Mountains. At the same meeting the DNC approved the name "Gandlaay Haanaa" for a 3.7-mile stream that flows northeast into the Harris River on Prince of Wales Island.

At its July 12 meeting, the U.S. board on Geographic Names approved the names Artillery Lake, Cavalry Lake, and Stryker Lake for three previously unnamed lakes southeast of Bolio Lake on Fort Greely.

Thanks

The participants of the MCA Summer Mountaineering Trip wish to express their sincere appreciation to Will Burton and Austin Hess for their participation and instructions during our trip from June 23 to July 1. We are grateful for your generous dedication of time and talent. Many thanks!

Sincerely, Greg Bragiel, Jim Flook, Anna Timmer, Jason Mercer, and Matt Beckage

Climbing Notes

Kinglet Ridge in Chugach State Park has registers at two different locations labeled as West Kinglet Peak. The register on Peak 5,050 +/-, ½ mile southwest of Point 5175 and ¼ mile east of Point 4880, is at the correct location.

–Wayne L. Todd

On-line? – click me



For best viewing of the Scree on a monitor using Adobe Reader, click on 'View' and 'Full Screen.'



Santa Ana as viewed from Seward.
Photos by Dano Michaud unless otherwise noted.

Santa Ana – Steamship or Summit?

How about both?

By Dano Michaud

Our springtime climb for the year was Peak 4754 (Santa Ana). This peak is situated slightly back from the coastline, but only 5 miles east from the shore of Resurrection Bay and is clearly visible from most parts of Seward. This proximity and the fact it had not been climbed (to my knowledge) made it that more attractive. Not to be fooled, it looks as if it is right there, yet accessibility would be a major crux, that I knew all too well.

With all the many choices in this part of the country, some things must be considered. Accessibility is by far the leading factor. One can stand on the top of the tallest summit in the Seward area and see countless mountaintops on the Harding Icefield to the west and the peaks of the Sargent Icefield to the

east that have seen very few people, if anyone at all. It is obvious why and that it is due to the harsh conditions endured just getting to a base camp location. It seems only natural that two icefields and the Gulf of Alaska can be expected to play havoc on the travel conditions in this coastal mountain bliss, unless you have a helicopter.

We were set for a three-to-four-day trip so our agenda was simple enough: get to the valley west of the peak and set up our base camp. From there we could do a multitude of peaks in the surrounding area with our sights set mainly on two. If weather was to sneak up on us, as it so often can, we could always spend time exploring around the valley, keeping close to the camp while waiting for the opportunity to make our summit attempt.

Access to this valley in itself is an exploration trip, with snowshoes as the only mode of transportation; skis would have been more enjoyable up on the glacier as we made our approach to the summit, but getting to the valley was too intense, with thick alder jungle, deep snow, a canyon, and unexpected gorges and ravines. We picked and prodded our way up through the thick alders and spruce forest, sometimes following goat trails that side-hilled around giant boulders and rock outcrops. At times the slopes were so steep we zee-trailed through the woods until the ground leveled out in the hemlocks.

Anticipating sunny weather, we dug our cave opening so as to face southwesterly. At the cave opening we excavated a modest, yet desirable, kitchen accommodation. A few meters away from the cave entrance, we dug out some nice seats out of snow, insulated with our foam sleeping pads. Life as we knew it could not get any better. We put on the sunblock and roasted in the late evening sun, eating our dinners and drinking our brewed tea and Jell-O drinks. Content after a hard day of brush busting, load hauling, and cave digging, it was now time to relax, for tomorrow we would go climbing.

Our base camp was not far from our access point onto the glacier; once we were on it, travel would be much less cumbersome than that



Steamship Santa Ana, for which the peak is named, in Resurrection Bay in 1903. Photographer unknown.



The tongue - access point from base camp to the Shelf Glacier.

which we endured the previous day. The snout of the glacier was an immediate incline up onto a shelf-like field, which was a large mountain cirque or bowl. When seen from Seward, this shelf-like glacier rests at 3,000 feet, running north to south, a large flat looking snowfield with a 1,000-foot rock wall backdrop of peaks resembling an old logging saw. This glacier was the bliss of travel for us and while in travel the mind was in awe of the beauty viewed around us.

As we traveled the Shelf Glacier south, our sights were set on a sweet-looking couloir at the far end of this snowfield. As we moved along, it was hard not to continuously view the rock wall on our left side for routes that a much younger, stronger fellow would love to climb. I still fantasize of younger days when those lines up the snow and ice routes would be something I would love to work for.

We tromped south, our packs filled with only the necessities, and with snowshoes on and a comfortable stride, we made good travel on this bluebird day. The weather could not have been much better on the Shelf Glacier with a slight north wind and the sun in full force; these conditions made covering every inch of exposed skin with sunblock mandatory. By 10 a.m. we were starting our ascent up the couloir, which topped off at the base of the south ridgeline. We had previously mapped this route from photos we had taken from pinnacles of past climbs. Part of the adventure is never being sure until we are at a

reasonable distance to the route whether one could really know if the route selection would, in fact, work out; this was one of the times that it did.

We climbed to the top of the couloir, topping out at a nice flat area where we could stop and take a well-deserved break. Conditions change and so must our gear; like the stage performer it's all about getting the costume right for the performance. Here in the mountains the spectator is Mother Nature and she gives no mercy, so had we to be prepared and instead of tap shoes we put on our crampons. The costumes for this show were especially selected for wind and extreme cold. As we gathered our thoughts and our gear, it was time to rope up in a

running belay fashion. Harness, prussik, some 'biners, and pickets, we were set for the ridgeline to the summit. The wind began to pick up and as it usually does in the high country, it picked up fast and strong.

The view could not have been more spectacular. This ridgeline was the high alpine divide between Resurrection Bay and Day Harbor;



Taking a break with Tom and Harold heading up the ridgeline (east) to the summit.



Tom and Harold heading up the ridgeline (east) to the summit of Santa Ana.

from this standpoint the view of the world was much more intense than I had viewed in a long time, with sights of the countless peaks, islands, and endless ocean.

For this group of climbers a ridgeline has advantages and can be part of an alpinist's greatest adventure. Our concerns were the cornices, these large deposits of snow hanging from the leeward side of the ridge were monster and ranged anywhere from a few feet thick to as much as 20-plus feet and probably weighed tons. The problem with the cornice, as the alpinist knows, can be difficult determining where a cornice will collapse; it may break well in from the cornice and even being on the snow on top of rock could expose us to the possible hazard in this situation. We were climbing using the ridge belay; if in the event one climber goes off the side of the ridge the other climber just jumps off the opposite direction, holding the fall with gravity, right?

On belay, we moved from our perch. Harold Faust took the lead, Tom Swann was second, and I pulled up the back. Harold was kicking knee-high deep steps in the wind-packed ridge as he prodded his way up, and as he did he would work the route of some obstacles, challenge, or situations that would add to our alpine mountaineering adventure. After we had made a good push to 4400 feet, we switched out to relieve the lead; plus I believe Harold was giving me the honor of being the first on the summit. I gracefully took the position and with the wind at full force, I pushed forward. Shortly into the push I came to a wall of sorts, not high in comparison, just one I had to get over or around. I wanted to go to my right and over, but the cornice was there and the edge was not visible, it just rolled off and then all I could see was the glacier below. To keep moving right to get a good look could mean hanging my bacon out and possibly ripping out the cornice and plummeted to the glacier below. To go up was possible, but by now I had spent of most my energy. It was like post-holing uphill, the wind was kicking, and it was time to make a call, so I did just that. From within I did this primeval scream – one of those, “Argh” – and I just gave it my all as I kicked deep with my feet, punched in with my knees and paddled around in front with my arms as I wrestled my way through, up, and over this wall.

Through the roar of the wind, I could barely hear Harold's words of encouragement; it felt good to be past that, but I thought my heart was going to blow out of chest. Then a brief, but clear, moment of clarity came to me, “Dude, you are 50; maybe you should reconsider your hobbies,” followed with an inner chuckle. “Keep moving, fool” spoke louder and then I trudged onward.

The summit was in sight and it was now a series of bumps to the top, but I knew it wouldn't be long. As we approached the top, I was thankful it was a large area, about the size of small residential lot. We weren't fooled by this round dome; it could easily be a rock pile that was shaped by tons of snow over the winter and we had viewed a huge cornice from base camp the day before. So we marveled at our hard work, walking out from the center in every direction, keeping a good distance from the corniced north face side.

The winds had subsided, so there was no need to rush our stay; we soaked in the beauty that was freely given to those who sought her heights. This view has been seen from different aspects by us before, but of course, each summit has its own distinct qualities to the view it offers and on this clear day we were blessed indeed. I had never viewed the east side of this glorious ridgeline that splits the Resurrection Peninsula right down the middle. The west side is clearly viewed from Seward, but the east side was encrusted with rime ice and jagged and steep rock faces; it was a sight that at times seemed quite surreal.

Vin Hoeman was a most prolific climber, who made significant contributions to the early exploration and documentation of hiking and climbing throughout Alaska and the Yukon Territory during the 1960s, with such local (Seward-area) contributions to geographic names such as Phoenix Peak, Hearth Mountain, and Exit Glacier to name just a few. Vin was a historian of sorts and would name peaks that had a theme or were of significant value to the local history. He named Phoenix Peak after the first ship ever built in Alaska by the first Russian explorers and fur traders. Vin believed that “mountains should not be named after a man; it should be the other way around.” I agree with Vin and respecting his forethought on naming peaks after something of historic value and keeping with the theme, I thought it would be appropriate to name this peak Santa Ana.

Santa Ana was the steamship that transported the first pioneers to Seward and landed in 1903. A painted image of the schooner can be seen in Seward on a local mural titled “Snap Shots of Our Past,” which is on the north end of the 3rd Avenue building in which the Russian gift store is located.

So to make it official, at least in the eyes of this climber, we needed to document the climb, assuming we were the first to ascend this peak. So I did just that; I took a sheet of paper, wrote the elevation (4754 feet), the name of the climbers in our party, the date of our climb (April 2, 2012), and the name of the peak. I put this paper in a waterproof container and sealed up nice and tight. Since the snow was so deep and I was unable to locate any rock outcrop at the summit to stash it in, I just dug a deep pit about four feet down and placed our summit register in the hole.

I took a moment to reflect on the detail of time spent to get to the beautiful place and thought within myself, “Thank you, Mother Earth.” In our last moment we took in the surrounding sights, took numerous pictures of all the views along with group summit shots, then turned and carefully retraced our track back down to the Shelf Glacier below.

With a sun-baked glacier and a well-packed trail, we leisurely strolled back to base camp taking in the surrounding beauty. This was, indeed, another one of those great climbs and times in the mountains.

Tom and Harold at the col, the divide between Resurrection Bay and Day Harbor.





Mount Mary, west view from Seward.
Photo by Harold Faust.
All other photos by Dano Michaud.

A Crackin' Good Time on Mount Mary

By Harold Faust

It was April 3, 2012, Day 3 of our spring trip in the high ground east of Seward. We awoke in our expansive cave and Tom Swann reached an arm out of his bag and switched on the LED “disco lights” string, illuminating the sanctuary. After donning the layers needed for another day of climbing, we crawled out into the brilliant blue-sky wonder of our Shangri La. Oatmeal and coffee, pack the bags, check the details, strap on the snowshoes, and we’re off. Again, the overnight freeze had hardened the previous day’s mushy snow into a solid walking surface on which our snowshoes left only the marks of the crampon

teeth. For the first thousand feet of elevation up the Tongue, we followed our tracks from the day before, and then we veered left and headed for the northern slopes of the Shelf Glacier. This was a route that George Peck and I had taken in 2005 on a long day trip that had to be called a recon when we turned for home short of the final ridge of Peak 4883. This fine mountain stands in the center of Fourth of July Creek valley, forming the south edge of the Godwin Glacier rift, with Mount Alice on the opposite northwestern side. It was known as Mount Eva when Greg Higgins and Kathy Fiack climbed it via the Godwin Glacier and the west ridge in 1986 (see August 1986 *Scree*). Due to a lack of specific historic records and a strong desire to name a prominent peak for the sister of Alice

Lowell, in 2000 the Seward Historic Preservation Commission spearheaded placing the official name of Mount Eva on the 4993-foot peak, two miles north of Mount Alice. Peak 4883 was thus left without a name. We joked around, referring to the mountain as “Noteva,” or “April Fools,” or “Mount Ada,” but I have settled on pushing for a landmark recognizing Mary Lowell, the tough

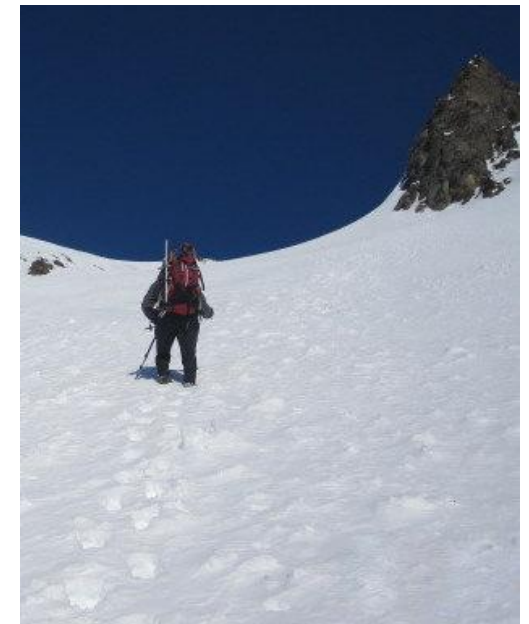


Mount Mary from the south, on the Shelf Glacier.
Summit at middle left.

pioneer woman who homesteaded the site of Seward and was the mother of Alice and Eva. I will hereafter refer to Peak 4883 as Mount Mary.

Stomping upslope in the shadows of the high ridges to the east, we wondered whether the north winds that had scoured the peaks the previous afternoon would again arise to plague our summit attempt. Tom was sure that they had blown themselves out, I was wary, and Dano Michaud just put on a grin as always and tromped on. We reached the first direct sunshine at the base of a steep, south-facing open couloir, which I recognized as the way Peck and I had gone on the earlier trip. Switching to crampons but packing the snowshoes along, we headed up unroped, taking turns making steps for a one hundred count each.

It seemed obvious from the frozen debris that had rolled down that slope as slush on the previous sunny day that this would be hazardous as a return route later on. We kept that in mind as the slope angle finally lessened. At about 3800 feet,

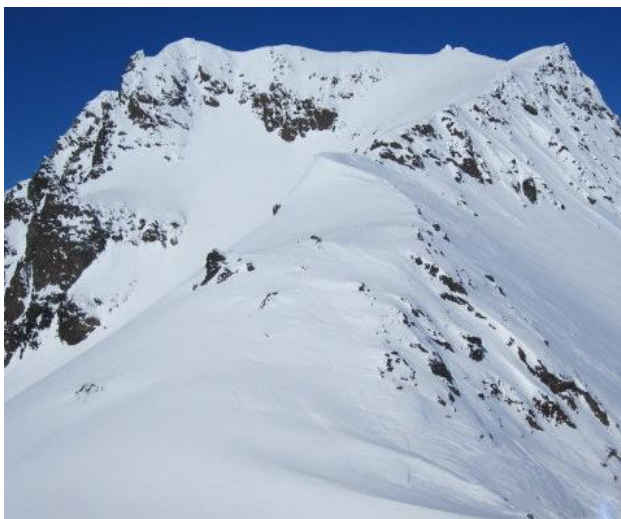


The couloir route up from the Shelf Glacier.



From left: Kindling Mountain, Mount Godwin, and Fourth of July Peak.

in the base of a large bowl, we went back to snowshoes and headed up to the northwest. That broad slope culminates at a snow dome near 4300 feet, where views of Seward to the west are first available. To the south, the entire spine of the Resurrection Peninsula was exposed in its white glory, with the open ocean shining in the distance. No winds had arisen, conditions were absolutely perfect. We reached a dip in the



The view to the summit ridge.

ridge, where a large snowfield drops down toward a small pond on Mount Mary's southern skirts. Views of the upper Godwin Glacier spread out to the east, with Mount Godwin, Fourth of July Peak, and Kindling Mountain all within sight.

After a short, sliding descent to the narrow col, we started back up on an increasingly steeper slope. It was time to leave the snowshoes and gear up for roped travel.

Dano led the way, and stubbornly post-holed up several steep sections and belayed us across the crest of a large cornice overhanging to the southwest.

We switched leads as we approached the easily visible summit ridge.

The ridge runs roughly east-west for about 700 feet, with the highest point on the west end just a hundred feet or so higher than the east end. I came up onto the ridge where a vertical rock tooth projected from the snow and carefully crunched along under it on a melt-freeze ice surface that the crampons bit into well. Once around the rock face, I thought I would step over to my right onto a flat spot where I could hold my balance well if Tom slipped as he walked behind me. To my great surprise, I seemed to step onto air. I punched through to my armpits as the north edge of the ridge cornice about six feet in front of me dropped off the mountain. The boys could not see where I had gone as I floundered a few moments, glad to have the tight rope holding my weight. There was nothing to kick my feet into. Several lunges and pulls with the ice axe shaft

sunk into solid snow got me back onto my tracks. I expressed my surprise, and thanks for the backup, and we soon were back in motion along the ridgeline.

With what I felt was new respect for the obvious cornice line overhanging to the north, I stepped ahead, trying to remain at least 10 to 15 feet to the left side of the highest part of the ridge. We advanced one rope length, and just as Dano reached the hole I had scrambled out of, the snow surface cracked between my feet with an awesome sound, and I fell with the cornice.



Approaching the summit ridge.



Harold's air hole, with the cornice break and Mount Alice in the distance.

Facing outward, I was jerked to a stop about ten feet down the crown fracture. Below me I watched what I remember as two huge blocks of snow that looked as big as boxcars, free falling and then exploding into spray, dropping toward the Godwin Glacier some 4,000 feet below. The roar of the avalanche filled the Godwin Glacier valley and that was Dano's first indication that something had happened. He could see Tom standing in a braced position, and the rope leader was once again out of sight. Now what? On the sharp end of the rope, I spun around and looked at that thin blue cord keeping me in place. This isn't over, I thought; please let that hold. I reached up and sunk the ice axe shaft into the great compacted snow of the fractured face. I hollered up that I was O.K., but the team could not hear my shout above the sound of the

avalanche. Each time I pulled down on the axe, Tom felt the slack and stepped back. In about six moves I reached the top, where the rope was dug in about eight inches as it bent over the rim. By smashing the snow with my fist and elbow, I cleared the rope enough that I could roll onto the surface and solid ground again. I knelt there and caught my breath a bit, nodding at Tom in recognition of his fine hold. Everything seemed to be O.K. I looked ahead to the summit, about 300 feet away, maybe 40 feet higher. There were several obvious humps to cross, with snow pillows piled on them and hanging over the Godwin Glacier. I said that I didn't want to "chicken out;" we were so close to the top. Tom said, "Harold, I don't care what you want to do; I'm going home!" I realized that was the voice of reason.

We had approached the summit ridge from the side, and never were able to see the cornice exposure, although we assumed it existed. My previous experience with corniced conditions was not sufficient for me to safely assess the size of the overhangs, and to find the solid line to walk. That summit ridge will still be there when we

find the right time to return. Which we will do.

Our return to camp was uneventful. We found a shaded couloir where we could safely descend back to the Shelf Glacier, avoiding the sliding snow where we had climbed. By the time we got down to the Tongue, the glacier's snow surface was back to mush conditions, building up on the snowshoes and even making a sloppy mess out of attempts to glissade. At the cave, we spread out pads and bags in the sun and enjoyed the sunny afternoon. We had stood on the beautiful Santa Ana and had learned a lesson from Mount Mary. It was a fine time to be alive in the mountains.



After the fall, it was not far to the summit, but not the right day.



At base camp the evening ended our summit day with a beautiful moon over the Santa Ana. Photo by Dano Michaud.



Tom Swann was in the middle of the rope team for the attempt on Mount Mary. Photo by Dano Michaud.

The Seventh Sense – Second Edition

By Thomas S. Choate

Do you see the flames consume the caribou as he flies through the arctic ice fog?

Have you heard the snowflake shout as it is transformed into a mountain-destroying glacier?

Do you smell the powdered limestone as it paints the air into a living coral reef?

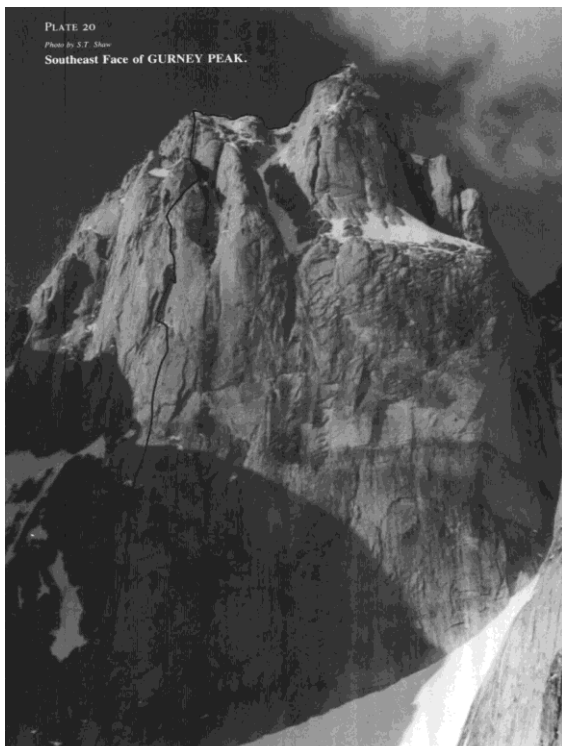
Can you taste the bitter rose as it melts into the blood of an ancient Incan offering?

Does your skin explode into a porcupine as the loon breath caresses in purple waves?

Was it a dream when you awakened to the drum beat of the sky falling into your mind and wiping clean the slate?

When your bones froze in place and you felt the embrace of the rock in every sinew, did you know a dozen generations had passed as you renewed?

When your answer is yes to these things, you have truly discovered the seventh sense, and freed your soul from its body.



Southeast face of Gurney Peak showing route of 1987 ascent. Photo by S.T. Shaw as printed in the 1988 *American Alpine Journal*.

Peak of the Month: Gurney Peak

By Steve Gruhn

Mountain Range: Alaska Range; Kichatna Mountains; Cathedral Spires
 Borough: Matanuska-Susitna Borough
 Adjacent Pass: Credibility Gap
 Latitude/Longitude: 62° 24' 47" North, 152° 41' 15" West
 Elevation: 8450 (±50) feet
 Prominence: 2100 feet from Kichatna Spire (8985)
 Adjacent Peaks: Potlatch Peak (7650±50), Peak 7450 (±50), and Kichatna Spire
 Distinctness: 1300 feet from Potlatch Peak

USGS Map: Talkeetna (B-6)
 First Recorded Ascent: August 1, 1972, by Don Fredrickson and William Katra
 Route of First Recorded Ascent: North buttress
 Access Point: Shadows Glacier

On July 19, 1899, U.S. Army First Lieutenant Joseph Sutherland Herron photographed and named Gurney Peak after exploring the headwaters of the Kichatna River during his attempt to find an overland route from Cook Inlet to the Yukon River.

For more than 67 years little attention was paid to the peak. Then, in September 1966 Art Davidson and Dave Johnston climbed from the Shadows Glacier to attempt the west ridge of Gurney Peak, completing a tough ice pitch and a direct aid wall before aborting their attempt to concentrate on climbing Kichatna Spire, of which Davidson (with Rick Millikan) made the first recorded ascent on September 23rd.

On August 1, 1972, Fredrickson and Katra started from the Shadows Glacier and ascended a steep icefall to reach the rocky north buttress approximately 100 feet above the bergschrund. Third-class climbing up and to the east of the ridge ended at the base of a difficult, icy, 300-foot chimney. They rappelled into the chimney and climbed up and to the east to reach a hanging glacier at the top of the north buttress. Following the north buttress, they reached the base of a second chimney. They used two shoulder stands to gain entrance to the chimney and then climbed some 500 feet of difficult snow, ice, and bad rock to reach the summit ridge. The Grade IV route required 15 hours on the ascent, a bivouac on the summit, and 8 hours to descend the following day. The next day, the two joined with Ludwig Ferche to make the first recorded ascent of The Citadel (8520).

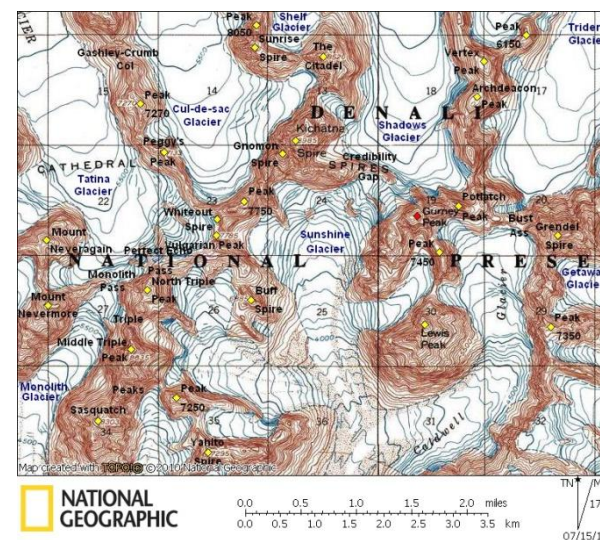
On May 16, 1984, a few days after climbing The Citadel, Thomas Bauman and Jack Lewis climbed Gurney Peak from the Shadows Glacier via a route they called the Shadows-Sunshine Couloir. To reach the couloir, they ascended Credibility Gap and a broad ridge to the bergschrund at the couloir's base. They kicked steps up the 750-foot, snow-filled couloir to a steep step on their left. They climbed this mixed pitch and followed that with six pitches of moderate ice climbing to reach the cornice below the summit ridge. They tunneled through the cornice and reached the summit ridge. Easy climbing along the ridge led them to the summit. They rated their route Grade III. Their descent involved down climbing and two rappels. The

round trip took them 12 hours. They climbed Vertex Peak (7350±50) three days later and then ascended Avalanche Peak (6950±50) the day after that.

In early May 1987 Conrad Anker, James Garrett, Bob Ingle, and S.T. Shaw climbed the southeast face of Gurney Peak from their base camp on the Trident Glacier. They accessed the Caldwell Glacier from a pass they dubbed Bust Ass. The round trip of the A2, 5.10 route took them six days to complete. Shaw went on to make a solo ski ascent of Peak 7360 in the Shadows Glacier drainage.

Dave Ahrens, Chris Nance, and Jared Vilhauer repeated the Shadows-Sunshine Couloir route in the spring of 2008 after their ascent of The Citadel.

The information for this article came from Herron's 1901 book entitled *Explorations in Alaska, 1899*, from David S. Roberts' and Richard G.C. Millikan's article entitled "Kichatna Spire," which appeared on pages 272 through 278 of the 1967 *American Alpine Journal*, from Katra's report entitled "Gurney Peak and P 8520, Kichatna Mountains," which was published on pages 408 and 409 of the 1973 *AAJ*, from Bauman's report entitled "Gurney Peak, Shadows-Sunshine Couloir; Citadel, East Buttress and Avalanche Peak, South Buttress, Kichatna Spires," which was published on pages 179 and 181 of the 1985 *AAJ*, from Anker's article entitled "Gumbies on Gurney," which appeared on pages 69 through 75 of the 1988 *AAJ*, and from Vilhauer's report entitled "Citadel, variation, and various activity," which appeared on page 141 of the 2009 *AAJ*.



Mountaineering Club of Alaska

President	Tim Silvers	250-3374	Board member	Greg Encelewski	360-0274
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			Board member	Jim Sellers	360-2560

Annual membership dues: Single \$15, Family \$20

Dues can be paid at any meeting or mailed to the Treasurer at the MCA address at right. If you want a membership card, please fill out a club waiver and mail it with a self-addressed, stamped envelope. If you fail to receive the newsletter or have questions about your membership, contact the Club Membership Committee at membership@mtnclubak.org.

The 'Scree' is a monthly publication of the Mountaineering Club of Alaska. Articles, notes and letters submitted for publication in the newsletter should be emailed to MCAScree@gmail.com. Articles should be submitted by the 25th of the month to appear in the next month's Scree.

Paid ads may be submitted to the attention of the Vice-President at the club address and should be in electronic format and pre-paid. Ads can be emailed to vicepresident@mtnclubak.org.

Missing your MCA membership card? Stop by the monthly meeting to pick one up or send a self-addressed stamped envelope and we'll mail it to you.

Mailing list/database entry: Yukiko Hayano and Randy Plant - 243-1438
Hiking and Climbing Committee: Vicky Lytle - hcc@mtnclubak.org
Huts: Greg Bragiel - 569-3008
Calendar: Stuart Grenier - 337-5127
Scree Editor: MCAScree@gmail.com Steve Gruhn (344-1219) assisted by Amy Murphy (338-3979)
Web: www.mtnclubak.org (change your address here)

Mailing list service: MCAK@yahoogroups.com

Mountaineering Club of Alaska
Box 243561
Anchorage, AK 99524-3561